Our towne of Cicetet in Glouceſterſhire,
But whether they be tane or ſlaine we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

North. Firſt to thy ſacred ſtate wiſh I all happineſſe,
The next newes is, I haue to London ſent
The heades of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt and Kent,
The maner of their taking may appeare
At large diſcourſed in this paper heere.

King We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines,
And to thy woorth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Lord Fitzwaters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford ſent to London
The heads of Broccas, and ſir Benet Seely,
Two of the daungerous conſorted traitors,
That ſought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

king Thy paines Fitz. ſhall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

Enter H. Percie.

Percie The grand conſpirator Abbot of Weſtminſter
With clog of conſcience and ſowre melancholy
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue.
But here is Carleil liuing, to abide
Thy kingly doome, and ſentence of his pride.

king Carleil, this is your doome;
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reuerent roome
More than thou haſt, and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou liu'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife,
For though mine enemy thou haſt euer beene,
High ſparkes of honour in thee haue I ſeene.

Enter Exton with the coffin.

Exton Great King, within this coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare: herein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

king Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought

A deed of ſlaunder
Vpon my head and
Exton. From your
King. They loue n
Nor do I thee; thoug
I hate the murtherer
The guilt of conſcie
But neither my gooc
With Cayne go wa
And neuer ſhew thy
Lordes, I proteſt m
That bloud ſhould
Come mourne with
And put on ſulleyn
Ile make a voiage to
To waſh this bloud
March ſadly after, g
In weeping after th

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